Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Now far from thee, I sigh, I doubt, adore,
My days my nights, with anxious sorrow shar'd.
Thus still we strive to thwart Heaven's kind intents,
By changing joys which ought to temper woe
Into a gloomy source of discontent,
Whence half our griefs (ideal miseries) flow.
Oh! could we learn to reason and be wise,
To taste life's sweets where sov'reign virtue reigns,
And all its little meaner cares despise,
'Twould gently free us from a host of pains!
Then should we laugh, when fortune seem'd to frown,
Joyful to think upon her former smiles,
And ev'ry fear and anxious whisper drown
With songs to hope, who many a woe beguiles. M.

July 15, 1809.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON HEARING MISS A*** PERFORMING ON THE PIANO FORTE, AND SINGING.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn.
BEATTIE.

WHAT ravishing sounds do I hear,
Which float on the still breeze of night,
Which bid all my woes disappear,
And soothe me to dreams of delight?

Some Angel descends from on high,
The spirit of Rapture to wake;
To stifle pale misery's sigh,
And bid sorrows heart cease to ache.

Or, is it the orphean lyre;
So fabled by Poets of yore?
Which rocks could with motion inspire,
And lost animation restore.

Ah no! 'tis ELIZA's white hand,
Directing the sweet-sounding strings;
Each heart must with rapture expand—
But hark! with what magic she sings!

That voice might beguile from it's pain,
The heart long abandon'd to care;
Might charm meagre Want's joyless train,
And even speak peace to Despair.

How oft with ineffable joy,
I've heard the wild choristers sing!
When perch'd on their branches so high,
They welcom'd the life-giving spring.

But now, they delight me no more,
No pleasure their songs can impart:
For only Eliza can pour,
The music which thrills at my heart.

Dunover, July 10. GAELUS.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Description of the Basso Relievo, in the grand Pediment of the Colonnade of the Louvre at Paris: from a French Journal.

THIS is one of the largest pieces of sculpture known, being above 78 feet long, and 16 high, exclusive of the cornices It represents the muses celebrating the glory of the hero, the protector of the arts, to whom they are indebted for the finishing of the Louvre, desired in vain by them, by the nation, and by ten kings, during more than three centuries.

A colossal bust of the emperor occupies the superior part of the pediment. The bust stands on a cippus, at the foot of which is seated victory, holding palm branches and crowns of laurel. On each side are the muses, being arranged in two groups. Minerva is inviting them to celebrate this new benefit, this new title to glory.—They are near ten feet high.

On the left (of the spectator) Clio is inscribing on the cippus, with the style of history, the name of the sovereign, that has finished the Louvre. Behind her Melpomene and Calliope, hand in hand, appear to participate in the action of Clio; while Polyhymnia, wrapped in her cloak in the ancient mode, meditates on this happy event; and Urania, with a celestial globe placed on her knees, points to the constellation of the lion, under which the Emperor was born. On the right Minerva turned toward the other group, is standing like the muse of history on one of the steps of the cippus. Terpsichore and Euterpe obey the goddess by singing hymns of gratitude and admiration; while Erato inspired by love, accompanies them with the lyre, and Thalia listens with emotion.

It was not easy to place figures connected with the principal action in the opposite angles of the pediment. These are occupied by two genii, one holding a caduceus, the other a torch, and in the other hand a garland of fruit and laurel, with which they appear desirous of decorating the monument. This kind of embellishment assorts with what Goujon and his successors employed in the interior of the court of the Louvre.

Many artists, who have examined this bass relief very near, not only praise the noble simplicity of the style, of which a judgment may always be formed, as well as of the taste of the ornaments, but in particular the fine expression of the heads, and the elegance and finish of the execution, which are merits scarcely to be distinguished at a distance of a hundred feet. They will not be wholly lost, however, when there is a strong light on the figures.

The sculptor that conceived and executed this bass relief is Mr. Lemot, who, though young, ranked high in the art, even before this grand monument. This application of sculpture is perhaps one of the most difficult, as it is certainly the most majestic: and it is *not* every one that is endowed with talents to succeed in it. It will be one of the characteristics of the emperor's reign, to have caused it to make great progress; and this pediment, which will be distinguished on more than one account, is worthy to fix the period of the finishing of the Louvre.

It is said, and we may congratulate the artist upon it, that he reserved to himself an opportunity, of retouching, by means of a moveable scaffold, such parts as the incalculable effects of optics and experience should prove to require it. Mr. Lemot is a sculptor of the first rank. He obtained the grand prize of sculpture before he was seventeen. We are indebted to him for the fine bass relief of the tribune of the legislative body; several of the figures decorating that hall, and among them that of Lycurgus, which is very well imagined; that of Leonides, for the hall in which the senate assembles; that of Cicero, for the hall of the tribunate, &c. None of our sculptors have so much grandeur of style.

A Tour in Silesia, translated from the French, of Mr. Bernardin de St. Pierre, member of the Institute, and author of the Studies of Nature.

When I was returning from Russia to France, I found myself among a number of travellers of different countries, in the post-waggon that goes from Riga to Breslau. We sat in pairs, on wooden benches, our luggage at our feet, and the sky over our heads, travelling day and night, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather, and finding nothing at the inns on the road, but black bread, malt spirits and coffee. This is the mode of travelling in Russia, Prussia, Poland, and most parts of the North. After having crossed vast forests of firs and birch, interspersed among sandy plains, we arrived at the mountains covered with beech and oak, that separate Poland from Silesia.

Though my fellow-travellers understood French, a language now universal throughout Europe, they conversed very little. One morning at day-break we found ourselves on a hill, near a country-seat, in a delightful situation. Several rivulets flowed through its long avenues of limetrees, and formed below little islands planted with orchards, surrounded by meadows. At a distance, as far as the eye could reach, we discerned the rich plains of Silesia, covered with corn, villages, and country seats, and watered by the Oder, that traversed them like a riband of silvered azure.—'Delightful prospect!' exclaimed an Italian painter, going to Dresden: 'I could almost fancy I saw the Milanese.'

'What extensive plains,' observed an astronomer of the Berlin academy: 'This is a fine situation for measuring a base, and the steeples would give such a grand series of triangles!'

'Do you know,' said an Austrian baron to the geometrician, with a disdainful smile, 'that this domain is one of the noblest in Germany; all the steeples you see there below are dependant on it.'

'If so, answered a Swiss merchant, 'the inhabitants are all vassals. Faith 'tis a wretched country.'

A Prussian officer, who was smoking gravely, took his pipe from his mouth, and rejoined: 'No person in this country is dependant on any one but the king of Prussia. He has freed the Silesians from the yoke of Austria and its nobility. I remember he made us encamp here four years ago. O! what fine plains for an engagement! I would place my magazines in that mansion, and my artillery on its terraces. My infantry should be drawn up along the river, my cavalry disposed on its wings; and with thirty thousand men, I would here defy all the forces of the empire. Long live Frederic!'

He had scarcely replaced his pipe in his mouth, when a Russian officer declared, he would not live in a country like Silesia, open to every army. 'Our Cossacks,' continued he, 'ravaged it last war; and if it had not been for our regular troops, that checked them, they would not have left a single hut standing. At present it is still worse: the peasantry can drag the landholders into courts of justice; and the townsmen enjoy still greater privileges. I like the neighbourhood of Moscow far better.'

How, gentlemen, can you talk of war in such a delightful spot? says a young student of Leipsic. 'Permit me to inform you that the very name of Silesia is derived from the Elysian fields. Let us rather cry out with Virgil, O Lycoris, hic tecum consumerer ævo."

At these words, uttered with much warmth, a pretty French milliner, who had fallen asleep from fatigue, awoke, and on seeing the beautiful landscape, exclaimed; 'O delightful country! it wants nothing but Frenchmen. Why do you sigh?' turning to a young rabbin, who sat beside her.

'Look at that mountain yonder, with its peak,' answered the Jewish doctor; 'it resembles Mount Sinai.'

At this every one burst out into a laugh, except an old Lutheran minister of Erfurth, who, knitting his brows, said in a rage: 'Silesia is an accursed land, since the truth is banished from it. It groans under the yoke of popery; at the entrance of Breslau you will see the palace of the ancient Dukes of Silesia converted into a college of Jesuits, though they are driven out of all the rest of Europe.'

A fat Dutch merchant, who had been purveyor to the Prussian army in the last war, replied to him: 'How can you call such a flourishing land cursed? The king of Prussia did very right to conquer Silesia, it is the finest jewel in his crown. I would rather have a single acre of garden ground in it, than a square mile in the sandy march of Brandenburg.'

Thus disputing we arrived at Breslau, where we alighted at a very good inn. While dinner was preparing, we talked of the owner of the country seat. The Saxon minister asserted, that he was the villain who commanded the Prussian artillery at the siege of Dresden; that he had beaten down with poisoned bombs that unhappy city, half of the houses of which were still in ruins; and that he had acquired his estate only by means of contributions levied in Switzerland.

'You are mistaken,' answered the baron: 'he got it by marrying an Austrian countess, who lesened herself greatly by giving him her hand. She is much to be pitied. None of her children can enter into the noble chapters of Germany, for their father is only a soldier of fortune.'

'What you say,' replied the Prussian officer, 'is much to his credit; and he would now be loaded with honours in Prussia, had he not forfeited his title to them by quitting the king's service at the peace. He cannot show himself there now.'

Our landlord, who was present to superintend laying the cloth, rejoined: 'It is evident, gentlemen, that you are not acquainted with the person of whom you speak: he is a man loved and respected by every one. There is not a beggar on his estate. Though a catholic, he relieves the poor passenger, whatever be his religion, or his country. If a Saxon, he gives him food and lodging for three days, in remembrance of the injury he was obliged to do his country during the war. His wife and children adore him.'

'I must tell you,' said the Lutheran minister, to the landlord, 'there is neither charity nor virtue in his communion, what he does is pure hypocrisy, like all the virtues of the heathens and papists.'

We had several catholics in company, and high words were about to arise, when our landlord, seating himself at the head of the table, after the German custom, ordered dinner to be brought in. A profound silence ensued, and every one fell to eating and drinking like a traveller; our dinner was good, and followed by a dessert of peaches, grapes, and melons. The landlord then desired his wife, while coffee was getting ready, to bring a few bottles of champagne, to treat the company in honour of the owner of the country seat we had passed, to whom he was under particular obligations. The wine being

brought, he set it before the French lady, requesting her to do the honours of the table. Every face now brightened up, and our tongues resumed their office. My countrywoman presented the landlord with the first glass of his wine, telling him that we were as well served as at the best inn in Paris, and that no Frenchman could be more polite. The Russian officer confessed, that fruit was more plentiful at Breslau than at Moscow; compared Silesia with Livonia for fertility; and added, that the freedom of the peasantry rendered the land better cultivated, and its owners more happy. The astronomer observed, that Moscow was nearly in the same latitude as Breslau, and consequently was susceptible of the same productions. The Hussar officer said: 'Indeed I am inclined to think, that the owner of the estate through which we have just passed, did very wisely to quit the army. After all, our great Frederic having made war with glory, spends part of his time in gardening, and cultivating melons himself at Sans Souci!' The whole company agreed in opinion with the Hussar. The Saxon minister himself owned, that Silesia was a fine province, and that it was great pity it was in error; but he had no doubt, as liberty of conscience was established throughout the Prussian dominions, that all the inhabitants, and in particular the owner of the mansion, would open their eyes to the truth, and embrace the confession of Augsburg. 'For,' added he, 'God will not leave a good action unrewarded; and it is certainly one that cannot be too much commended in a soldier, who has done so much harm to my countrymen in the war, to do good to them in peace.'

Our landlord then proposed the gentleman's health, which was drunk with applause by all the company. Even the young rabbin did not refuse the toast. Rising from his solitary table, at which he sat eating his own provision in a corner of the room, he presented his large leathern cup to the lady, who filled it to the brim. He having emptied it at a single draught, she said to him: 'Well, doctor, what think you? is not the country that produces such wine as good as the promised land?

'No doubt, madam,' answered he, with a smile, 'particularly when this good wine is poured out by such a fair hand.'

'Pray, then,' said she to him, 'that your Messiah may be born in France, to collect thither your tribes from all parts of the world.'

'Would to God he might!' replied the Israelite; 'but he must first make the conquest of Europe, almost all over which we are so miserable. He must be another Cyrus, to compel the different nations to live in peace with each other, and with all mankind.'

'May your prayers be heard!' exclaimed most of the guests.

I admired the difference of opinion of so many persons, who were disputing with one another before they sat down to dinner, and agreed so well when they rose from table. I inferred, that man is malevolent when unhappy, for it is a great unhappiness to many to be fasting: and that when happy he is benevolent; for when he has made a good dinner he is in peace with all the world, like Rousseau's savage.

Another inference I made from it is of more importance. It was, that all these opinions, most of which had staggered mine in their turn, arose merely from the different education of my fellow-travellers; and I doubted not but each of them would return to his own, when the effects of our good cheer ceased to operate.

Desirous of forming an impartial judgment on the subjects of our conversation, I addressed myself to a gentleman at my side, who had never once spoken, and appeared of a constantly even temper. 'What do you think of Silesia, and of the owner of the country-seat?'

'Silesia,' answered he, is a very good country, since it produces abundance of fruit, and the master of that seat is an excellent man, since he relieves all that are unhappy. As to the manner in which we judge of things, it differs in every individual, according to his religion, his nation, his condition in life, his temper, his age, the season of the year, the hour of the day, and above all his education, for this gives the first and last colour to our opinions. But he who refers all to the happiness of mankind, is sure

to judge as God acts. It is by the general fitness of things we should regulate our private opinions, as we all regulate our watches by the same sun.'

Ever since this conversation, I have endeavoured to judge of every thing like my philosopher. I have found, that it is just the same with our globe and its inhabitants, as with Silesia; every one forms his idea of them according to his education. The astronomer views the world merely as a Dutch cheese turning round the sun; the soldier sees nothing in it but fields of battle, and promotions; the nobleman, lordships and vassals; the priest, believers and infidels; the merchant, branches of commerce, and good bills; the painter, landscapes; and the epicurean, terrestrial paradises. But the philosopher considers it in its relations to the wants of man; and the men that dwell on it, according to their conduct towards each other.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

MR. Achermann, the publisher of the Microcosm of London, is preparing against next spring, as a companion to that instructive and entertaining work, a history of the arts and manufactures of the British Empire. It is intended to give a history and description of every art or manufacture of any importance, so as to gratify and inform the general reader, and instruct the manufacturer himself. Beside the assistance which the editor has already been promised, in order to render the work as complete as possible, the publisher offers ten gold medals, of the intrinsic value of ten guineas each, for the ten best accounts of any art or manufacture sent him, and twenty silver medals, from the same dies, for the twenty next best.

A French translation of the Asiatic Researches, by M. Labeaume, with notes on the oriental, philological and historical parts by Mr. Langle's, and on those relating to natural history and mathematics, by Messrs. Cuvier, Delambre, Lamarck, and Oliver, all members of the Institute, is printing at the imperial press at Paris.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock, translated from the German; by the author of Fragments in Prose and Verse, the third edition. Printed by R. Curtwell, Bath, small 8vo. 236 *p.p.*

WHEN we lately reviewed, "the Fragments in Prose and Verse," we give to the interesting writer, Elizabeth Smith, much praise for the amiable disposition she displayed in this posthumous publication, and particularly for her moderation in censuring others, whose creed might differ from hers. In the preface to these memoirs, written by her friend, M. Bowdler, of Bath, but which preface we are told, "was, before her death, read and approved by her," we are sorry to see a departure from a spirit of moderation. With a laboured attempt to reconcile us to the extravagance of Klopstock receiving consolation from writing letters to his deceased wife, although it is probable that he afterwards forgot this foolish superstition, when he transferred his affections to the object of a second matrimonial engagement, the writer of the preface attacks those whose enthusiasm is not as extravagant as her own, and falls foul of "that cold scepticism, which now assumes the venerable name of philosophy," and whose adherents she consigns "to the darkness which they prefer." This appears to be neither fair reasoning, nor fair-dealing. If she have faith, which to more sober and cooler heads appears to be enthusiasm, let